

# CHARIVARIA.

SIR EDWARD GREY declared at Darlington that he saw no need for war. Unfortunately, however, this is a great age for luxuries.

The feeling that there will be a satisfactory outcome of the Conference grows in strength every day. The EARL MARSHAL is among the most optimistic. He has issued instructions to the Peers as to what they are to wear at the Coronation, as though there had never been any talk of their abolition.

Hanover Chapel, Peckham, at which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has promised to deliver a farewell speech, is to be converted into a cinematograph theatre. We greatly hope that no such fate will befall the City Temple.

By the way, is not the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL really a little bit hard on his friend Mr. LLOYD GEORGE? He writes to *The Morning Post* to deny that the recent function at the City Temple had a political object. "Had the Press reported any other speaker than Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," Mr. CAMPBELL goes on to say, "this would have been perfectly clear."

Diamonds are now 30 per cent. dearer than they were in 1908; and a lady writes to us from Park Lane to point out that this is one more example of how, under the present Government, the price of necessities continues to rise.

Mr. HENNIKER HEATON has addressed a letter to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, setting forth sixty-two grievances against the present system—one for each year of the tireless reformer's life. We understand that, while the POSTMASTER-GENERAL hopes that Mr. HEATON may live to be 100, he trusts that this letter will not become an annual occurrence.

The recent railway riots in Cairo, it transpires, were organised by the Nationalist leaders in imitation of the French strike. The imitation was excellent, even down to the fiasco.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, speaking at the Manchester Reform Club, said that he was delighted to see the announcement that Germany was not only not accelerating her naval programme, but rather retarding it; and he trusted that might be a preliminary step towards a reduction of armaments throughout the world. Seeing that the delay is to enable our German friends to forge still more formidable engines of destruction, Mr. PEASE's faith—and that of the whole Pease party—is as beautiful as ever.

said, intend, by way of protest, to refuse to dress their shop windows at all, leaving them in a state of absolute nudity. The police would then have to deal with the case.

"Since when," asks a writer in the *Eton College Chronicle*, "has it been the custom for lower boys and others who have no important position in the school to saunter about the fives courts and to watch field matches in top hats . . . in a way that would never have been tolerated a few years ago?"

Tut! tut! This must be stopped.

At a recent dinner the tale was told of the Warwickshire yokel who, upon being asked if he knew what SHAKESPEARE wrote for, replied that he thought he "wrote for the Bible." Curiously enough, BEN JONSON said of BACON, "He has filled all Numbers."

Sir JAMES MURRAY, of the Oxford English Dictionary, has been telling us how he had to write to various authors to ascertain the meaning of certain words they had used. It is rumoured that one of them replied that he had been relying on the Dictionary to tell him.

In connection with the retirement of Squadron-Corporal-Major EGGLETON, of the Royal Horse Guards, a contemporary mentions that one of this champion swordsman's most sensational feats is to cut in two an apple resting on the neck of a kneeling assistant. We cannot help thinking that the kneeling assistant is also something of a hero.

Mr. FREDERICK MOORE, we are told, has just completed seventy-five years' membership of the choir of St. Mary's, Stafford. How many choir-boys can make a similar boast?

The statement that each person in the United Kingdom receives sixty letters a year is, we hear, causing some trouble to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. An old lady writes complaining that during the past twelve months she received only 58, and would like him to search for the others at once.



Golf Maniac. "AND PRAY, SIR, WHAT MAY YOUR FAVOURITE RECREATION BE?"

Hypochondriac. "INDIGESTION."

According to *The Times* the projects for the London Memorial to King EDWARD have now been reduced to two—a proposal by Lord AVEBURY for a central building for the University of London, and a scheme, supported by Lord ESHER, for the erection of a museum of antiquities. We do hope that our love of compromise will not lead to the establishment of a University with nothing but antiques on the staff.

In consequence of Sir EDWARD HENRY's having refused police assistance to shop-keepers whose windows are so attractively dressed as to draw a crowd, a number of tradesmen, it is

## IN MEMORIAM.

## William Agnew.

BORN, 1825. DIED, OCTOBER 31, 1910.

LONG had we missed you from your wonted place,  
Missed from our Table what we held most dear,  
The warm hand's lingering clasp, the kindly face,  
The voice of genial cheer.

Now Death brings back the touch of filial ties,  
The grace that set our younger hearts at ease,  
The hours together under summer skies,  
Afloat on summer seas.

For so we knew you, host and gentle friend;  
And still you kept, by absence unestranged,  
Through age and weakness, even to the end,  
The charm that never changed.

But who shall say what closer memory clings  
About the home where grief to-day is guest  
Now you are gone who loved all lovely things,  
But children's love the best? O. S.

THE death of WILLIAM AGNEW leaves a void in an exceptionally wide circle of friends and of acquaintances made in divers avenues of life. The loss is most acutely felt round the "Old Mahogany Tree" where for more than thirty years the genial presence of WILLIAM AGNEW beamed from the end of the table facing the editor's chair. Among his guests at the Round Table during the greater part of the time were TENNIEL, DU MAURIER, CHARLES KEENE and LINLEY SAMBOURNE, whose footsteps towards the silent land WILLIAM AGNEW followed at so brief an interval. Of the literary staff were FRANK BURNAND, whose name is imperishably connected with *Punch*; MILLIKEN, the prolific versifier; gentle GIL A'BECKETT, his brother ARTHUR, "Toby, M.P.," and the Professor, relic of an earlier age, for awhile right-hand man of SHIRLEY BROOKS during his editorship. Of these only one now fills his accustomed chair. But many other members of the present staff sat for shorter periods at the Table with the host whose loss we mourn to-day.

WILLIAM AGNEW had a dual character, each side strongly marked. He was an exceedingly shrewd man of business, and, withal, he had the gentleness, in some aspects the simplicity, of a little child. No patron of the arts in modern times has exceeded his range. Among his *trouvailles* was the wondrous boy, FRED WALKER, who, like CHATTERTON, died too soon. He was loth to part with some of the treasures purchased from the young painter. They hang to-day on the walls of his darkened house. It was characteristic of his generosity that seventeen years ago he presented to the National Gallery one of the best, "The Harbour of Refuge."

Picture buying and selling was his business, and he did it superlatively well; but he also loved art for its own sake with an unstinted devotion. Nothing delighted him more than to induce others to share the pleasure with which he looked at a masterpiece. One of the prettiest sights of the London season in days gone by was to see him personally conducting his old friend Mr. GLADSTONE through the rooms of the Royal Academy on the morning of the Private View Day, the great statesman listening attentively to the dicta of the master of an art other than politics.

But better than pictures WILLIAM AGNEW loved children.

It was delightful to see him with a brood of grandchildren at his knee. Their company compensated for, and brought forgetfulness of, any worries of business or any signs of failing health that might beset him. His love of little ones was not confined to the circle of his own family. He went further afield, taking to his arms waifs and strays homed in the Children's Hospital at Manchester, and in the other in Great Ormond Street, London. Of one he was President, of the other Vice-President; to the funds of both a liberal contributor.

From early manhood he took a strong interest in politics, serving for many years as President of the Salford Liberal Association and of the Manchester Reform Club. When the rising tide brought Mr. GLADSTONE back to power in 1880, WILLIAM AGNEW came in on the crest of the wave, winning a seat in South-East Lancashire. In 1885 he was returned for the Stretford Division of the county. When in the following year Mr. GLADSTONE nailed the Home Rule flag to the Liberal masthead, the Member for Stretford, with hundreds of other Liberal Members, had to decide the momentous question—should they serve under it? WILLIAM AGNEW was not the man to desert what he regarded as a just cause, more especially when it was advocated by an old leader. He declared for Home Rule, was beaten at the poll, and never more sat in the House of Commons. Tardy recognition of political and public service was rendered when in 1895 he was created a Baronet.

His long life, for the greater part absorbed with strenuous labour, had in it comparatively little of sorrow. It was darkened by the death of the sweet and gracious lady who for more than 40 years was the companion and light of his home. But he was happy and fortunate in the legacy of her children. For some years he dwelt in retirement, taking pleasure in his yacht and his pictures, and an abiding interest in public affairs.

After a few days' illness death came to him gently. He passed away without pain—a tired body settling itself to sleep. He was dowered with all that should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

H. L.

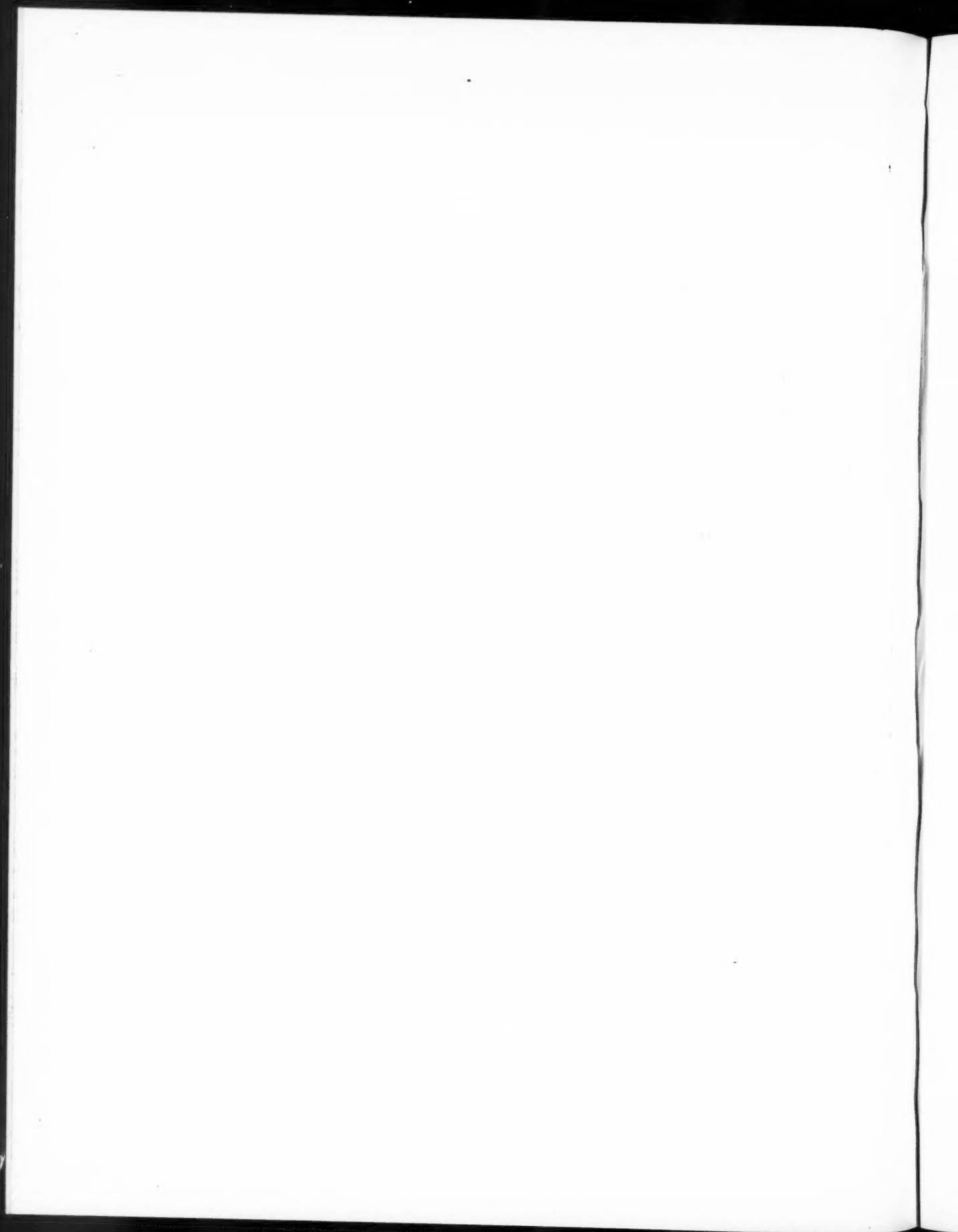
## THE TRUE ARISTOCRATS.

THERE is not, I believe, an illustrated Debrett, and, therefore, one does not know what peers look like: one has no opportunity of passing them all in review and acquiring a composite concept. This surely is an omission, although as to whether it is better for the chances of the House of Lords, or worse, I would not care to hazard an opinion. But, although Debrett and the camera fail us among the salt of our own kind, Miss L. C. SMYTHE and the camera show no such timidity with the salt of another kind; and the result is that in a little shilling book called *The Pekingese* which has wandered my way I am provided with a portrait gallery of lazy, insolent, capricious, imperious noblemen and noblewomen, beside which the sons of a thousand kings would appear anxious and plebeian. Page after page it is the same: always the commanding superciliousness of the patrician. Now and then it rises to a superb and almost terrifying height, as in Champion Chu-erh of Alderbourne, and Champion Broad Oak Beetle, and Heitzu of Tisbury, and Garnons Luchu, and Tuan of Blacklands, and Peiching Pu-yi, and Nan-Tye of Newnham, and Como Muh Sing, and Puck of Alderbourne, and Champion Chin Lu, and Cupid of Eppingdale. These, one instinctively feels, are tyrants one and all. Their moods are law. No such array of mere men and women could be possible; for even the handsomest and loveliest of us have a defect somewhere.



ANOTHER GOOD MAN GONE RIGHT.

MR. JOHN BURNS (*to the FRENCH PREMIER*). "BRAVO, BRIAND! A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!"







*Miss Smith.* "Now, MADGE, TELL ME, WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE—PRETTY OR GOOD?"

*Madge (promptly).* "I WOULD RATHER BE PRETTY, MISS SMITH; I CAN EASILY BE GOOD WHENEVER I LIKE TO TRY."

### THE SPARROW.

LET others from the feathered brood  
Which through the garden seeks its food  
Pick out for a commending word  
Each one his own peculiar bird;  
Hail the plump tit, or fitly sing  
The finch's crest and flashing wing;  
Exalt the rook's black satin dress-coat,  
The thrush's speckled fancy waistcoat;  
Or praise the robin, meek but sly,  
For breast and tail and friendly eye—  
These have their place within my heart;  
The sparrow owns the larger part,  
And, for no virtues, rules in it,  
My reckless cheerful favourite!  
Friend sparrow, let the world condemn  
Your ways and make a mock of them,  
And dub you, if it has a mind,  
Low, quarrelsome, and unrefined;  
And let it, if it will, pursue  
With harsh abuse the troops of you  
Who through the orchard and the field  
Their busy bills in mischief wield;  
Who strip the tilth and bare the tree,  
And make the gardener's face to be

Expressive of the words he could,  
But must not, utter, though he would  
(For gardeners still, where'er they go,  
Whate'er they do, in weal or woe,  
Through every chance of life retain  
Their ancient Puritanic strain;  
Tried by the weather they control  
Each day their angry human soul,  
And, by the sparrow teased, may tear  
Their careworn locks, but never swear).  
Let us admit—alas, 'tis true—  
You are not adequately few;  
That half your little life is spent  
In furious strife or argument;  
Still, though your wickedness must harrow  
All feeling souls, I love my sparrow;  
Still, though I oft and gravely doubt you,  
I really could not do without you.  
Your pluck, your wit, your nonchalance,  
Your cheerful confidence in chance,  
Your darting flight, your bouts of play,  
Your chirp, so sociable and gay—  
These, and no beauty soft or striking,  
Make up your passport to my liking;  
And for your faults I'll still defend you,  
My little sparrow, and befriend you.

### MUSIC AND MUSCLE.

THE interesting information about Mr. COATES's physical strength communicated to the public by the Press agent of the Beecham Opera Company, has opened the eyes of many unthinking persons who have hitherto confounded art with effeminacy. As a matter of fact, the day of the weakling virtuoso is long past, and singers, instrumentalists, composers and conductors now vie with each other in their devotion to field sports and athletic pastimes.

Mr. COATES's speciality is that of weight-lifting. In the last Act of *Tiefland* he shoulders the heroine and starts off for the mountains at the double. But this is nothing to what Mr. COATES can do when pressed. On one occasion, when Mr. MARK HAMBURG was playing the pianoforte in his house, Mr. COATES, in a fit of absent-mindedness, seized the instrument by the left hind leg and lifted it seven feet into the air. The extraordinary part of the performance, however, was that Mr. MARK HAMBURG, by a supreme act of unconscious levitation, went on playing all the time until his Herculean host had lowered the pianoforte to its pristine position.

M. PADEREWSKI is addicted to punching the ball, pole jumping, and high diving. Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE can throw a fly further than any other Mus. Doc. within the four seas—no small achievement as any one who has tried it will readily admit. In his youth Sir HUBERT PARRY was a redoubtable cricket player, and on one occasion hit the ball so hard that it broke in two, one portion being caught by cover-point, while the other went to the boundary. The umpire, when appealed to, was so bewildered that he called "no ball," and shortly afterwards went into the wine trade.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD of late years has taken to tossing the caber and may sometimes be seen practising in Kensington Gardens with this formid-

able implement, or skimming across the Round Pond in his hydroplane. Mr. HENRY WOOD attributes his success as a conductor largely to his proficiency in "flag-wagging," which dates back to the time when he was attached as honorary signaller to the Cossacks of the Ukraine during their manœuvres in the Caucasus. Mr. WOOD also excels in Græco-Roman wrestling, skiing, and throwing the hammer. On one memorable occasion, when a refractory

sabres, disarmed him at the first encounter, and secured his consent to the marriage before leaving the field of honour. Since then he has wrestled with rogue elephants in the Mofussil, he has fought single-handed with twenty terrorists in Nijni Novgorod, he has swum the rapids at Niagara, he has ridden snapping turtles in the swamps of Florida, and been interviewed by Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



### THE COMMERCIAL "WE."

"CAN I SEE MR. DOODLE, PLEASE?"

"WE PARTED WITH MR. DOODLE THREE WEEKS AGO, SIR."

violin player refused to obey his orders, he seized the rebel by the scruff of the neck and hurled him clean through the bass drum, which was standing some twenty feet off.

It is perhaps needless to remark that the strongest of all our musical strong men is Mr. MAX BAMBERGER. From earliest childhood he was famed for his pugilistic prowess, and when Sir Pompey Macmurdo declined to entertain Mr. BAMBERGER's suit for his daughter's hand, the intrepid violinist challenged him to a duel with cavalry

Strength, again, is admirably represented on the spindle side of the profession. Madame MELBA, who spent her early years in the bush, acquired a skill in throwing the boomerang which has on more than one occasion stood her in good stead. Thus, when she was once singing at Buenos Ayres a troublesome *gaucho* indulged in cat-calls in the gallery. The officials had tried in vain to silence or remove him. At last Madame MELBA begged to be allowed to deal with him herself, and with one beautifully aimed shot, which struck the offender full on the nose, completely saved the situation. As the *gaucho* afterwards observed in the picturesque dialect of his kind: "It was the finest slesh on the gob I ever got."

Miss MAGGIE TEYT, whose brilliant success on the Lyric boards has been one of the outstanding features of the autumn season, is also an athlete of no mean powers. At golf her handicap is

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and she has already frequently out-driven the Grand Duke MICHAEL. She has also invented a new club called the Mashie-Bazouk, which is invaluable in dislodging the ball from foggy lies.

"With regard to additional school accommodation, the Education Committee recommend a scheme by which the total number of school places will be increased by 12,653. On the basis of £30 per place, this will involve a capital expenditure of £380."—*Morning Leader*.

It doesn't work out to so much as we should have expected.



*Breathless Urchin.* "YOU'RE—WANTED—DAHN—OUR—COURT—AND BEING A HAME'LANCE!"

*Policeman.* "WHAT DO YOU WANT THE AMBULANCE FOR?"

*Urchin.* "MUVVER'S FOUND THE LIDY WOT PINCHED OUR DOORMAT!"

### THE WORM THAT TURNED.

A MAN like the Reverend Percival Hayward ought not to be allowed to exist, not at least without a licence. Every time he produces one of his mathematical problems at the dinner-table the licence ought to be endorsed, and when the licence has been endorsed three times it ought to be cancelled, and the Reverend Percival Hayward cancelled with it. As it is, in the present lax state of the law, he is allowed to run about loose, inflicting grievous mental harm among his fellow-men. It is only every now and then that he is baffled by people like George. "It is very odd," he began his last offence, "it is very odd how deceptive figures are."

"We will take your word for that," I answered. "Get along with the problem you want us to guess wrong about."

"Take, for instance," he continued, unabashed, "the case of the worm and the four volumes of the Encyclopedia placed side by side. There were five

hundred pages in each volume, and the worm besides in Volume I."

"A sort of bonus for the purchaser," suggested Henry, "instead of the usual five per cent. discount for cash?"

"The worm started at page 1 of Volume I, took its time and worked through to page 500 of Volume IV. There it stopped. How many pages in all did the worm pass through?"

There was a short interval of silent and dark suspicion, while we engaged in rapid calculations.

"Four times five hundred is two thousand," said Henry, gazing at the Reverend Percival Hayward with distrust. "You want us to guess two thousand. Obviously it was two thousand, but we are not going to guess that. Try twenty."

The Reverend Percival turned to me, a little disappointed. "It was not two thousand," he said, as one who has a grievance, "but to say twenty is absurd."

I took my turn. "Don't let's spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar," said I, recklessly; "I guess two million."

The searcher for information turned away in disgust. "It is your turn, George," he muttered, "and you, at any rate, have reached years of discretion. What do you think about it?"

"You say there were four volumes?" asked he.

"Yes," answered the Reverend Percival, brightening a little.

"And five hundred pages in each?"

"Yes."

George stared stolidly and solemnly at him and gave the matter full consideration. "For my part," he announced at last, "I don't believe the worm ever did it."

"With this book Mr. Foster seems to us to have arrived, and, if he never writes another line, his niche should be secure."—*The Standard*. We hope Mr. FORSTER will go on writing, and risk it.

"This afternoon the semi-finals were played off and proved somewhat disappointing, both the winners securing victories."—*The Englishman*. Yes, one expects something less commonplace than that.



## SIC.

NOT TO SAY "AD NAUSEAM."

(Being extracts from to-morrow's issue.)

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE invasion of Germany by the allied forces of Montenegro and Iceland commenced yesterday, the negotiations for peace, which, it will be remembered, were all but brought to a successful conclusion on lines drawn up by *The Daily Mail*, having suddenly broken down. The Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies telegraphs to *The Daily Mail* :—

"DAILY MAIL, London: We advance on Berlin to-night. The spirit of the troops is excellent, and they are much encouraged by the interest which *The Daily Mail* is taking in their cause."

In Berlin equal enthusiasm prevails. Asked for a message to *The Daily Mail*, the KAISER said :—

"The men are eagerly reading the Continental Edition of *The Daily Mail* for news of the enemy. Germany will not disappoint *The Daily Mail*."

*The Daily Mail* will publish a special mid-day edition, while the war lasts, containing the daily messages from the opposing generals, kings, foreign secretaries, chancellors, etc., etc., to *The Daily Mail*.

The revolution in China was successfully accomplished yesterday morning, as forecasted in *The Daily Mail* on Monday last, and recorded in the later editions of *The Daily Mail* of Wednesday. The President of the new republic cables to *The Daily Mail* :—

"DAILY MAIL, London.—I rejoice to announce to the world through *The Daily Mail* the final triumph of liberty and justice in my country. *The Daily Mail* has always been the friend of China, and the new China is grateful to it to-day."

A long message from the exiled emperor to *The Daily Mail* is unfortunately crowded out, but will appear in to-morrow's *Daily Mail*.

*The Daily Mail's* great feat of announcing the accession of King GEORGE to all the rulers of the Great Powers simultaneously is still talked of in diplomatic circles. *The Daily Mail* cable, it will be remembered, ran thus :

"*The Daily Mail* has the honour to inform you on behalf of English people of accession of his Majesty King GEORGE V.—DAILY MAIL."

*The Daily Mail's* message forestalled by many weeks the official announcements to the different courts, and was but one more instance of the prominent part played by the press (represented

in this case by *The Daily Mail*) in modern politics.

## THE COLONIES.

The opening of the first parliament in the Straits Settlements was performed yesterday amid manifestations of intense loyalty; expressions of gratitude to *The Daily Mail*, which had insisted on this form of government, being heard on every hand. The ceremony was a simple one, messages to *The Daily Mail* from all the Ministers being read, and the parliament being then declared open.

*The Daily Mail* has received official notification from the Colonial Office of the resignation of a certain well-known Governor, and the name of his successor. *The Daily Mail* refuses at all times to circulate rumours lacking definite confirmation, and this particular rumour seems to be altogether without foundation, no messages to *The Daily Mail* having come through to *The Daily Mail* office from either the Governor or his alleged successor.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

The marriage between Sir Julius Bupp and Lady Mary Milberry was solemnised yesterday at St. George's, Hanover Square, before a large and fashionable congregation. Asked during the service for a message to *The Daily Mail* the bride said: "I think it is going off splendidly." The clergyman who officiated, the bridegroom, and the best man also added a few words for publication in *The Daily Mail*.

A son was born to the Countess of Pimlico last night at Cadogan Square. Up to the time of going to press no message to *The Daily Mail* had been received from either the future earl or his mother.

## SCIENCE.

Communication with Mars has at last been established, Professor Onoto getting the first message through shortly after three o'clock, before a large company, including the representative of *The Daily Mail*. The opening message was one of greeting from *The Daily Mail*, as representing this planet, to the inhabitants of Mars, and ran thus :—

"DAILY MAIL, London, to Mars: *The Daily Mail* sends greeting from Earth to Mars.—DAILY MAIL."

It is anticipated that this message from *The Daily Mail* will be posted on the banks of all the canals throughout the planet.

## NEWS FROM THE PROVINCES.

The Great Earwig War in East

Sussex, to which *The Daily Mail* was the first to give prominence, is arousing such widespread interest that *The Daily Mail* has telegraphed to some five hundred well-known people, asking for their views on the advisability of instituting a similar campaign against other noxious animals. We print some of their replies to *The Daily Mail* :—

"Think *Daily Mail's* suggestion very good.—SELFLEDGE."

"*The Daily Mail's* suggestion is most valuable.—GAMAGE."

"I am entirely with *The Daily Mail* in this matter.—SANDOW."

Other replies to *The Daily Mail* from the Archbishop of Canterbury, the First Sea Lord, the Lord Chamberlain, the President of the Royal Academy, the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition and several royalties are unfortunately crowded out.

## STOP PRESS NEWS.

An extraordinary case is reported from Hertfordshire this morning. A representative of *The Daily Mail* called upon a gentleman, who shall remain nameless (though he has a certain reputation as a writer), and asked him for a message to *The Daily Mail* in regard to his forthcoming book. He replied that he would be—that, in fact, he had no message to give *The Daily Mail*; that (as far as our representative could make out) he did not like *The Daily Mail*; that he could get on perfectly well without *The Daily Mail*; and that if ever he did want to communicate with the world through the press he would avail himself of the columns of some other paper than *The Daily Mail*. His relatives are extremely anxious about his condition, and a mental specialist has been summoned.

A. A. M.

*The Dundee Courier* informs us that "at a recent Suffragette social one of the fair workers in the cause of woman's freedom was heard to remark :—'You see, I cannot speak in public . . . But I always go out at night when a meeting is about to be held and chalk notices on the pavement with my husband.'" It seems a clumsy way. Why not do it with an ordinary piece of chalk?

"To-night an exhibition of hand-bell ringing . . . will take the place of the usual Happy Evenings for the People."—*Irish Times*.

Bad luck.

"But there was that in human nature which brought men together when they met."

Liverpool Daily Post.

Human nature, as we have often said before, is a wonderful thing.

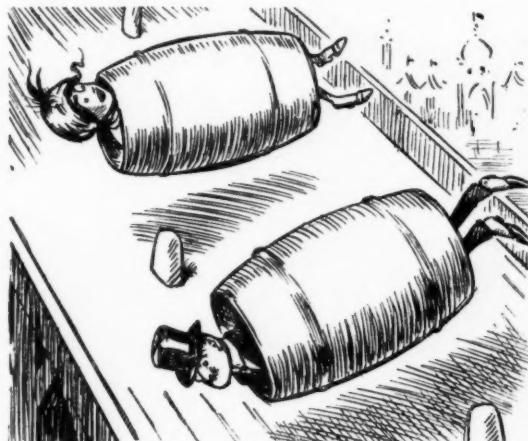


THE PROMISE OF MAY (1911).

WE HEAR THAT, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT SUCCESS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH OF THE WIGGLE-WOGGLE, LITTLE CYCLONE, AND OTHER DEVICES FOR PRODUCING ACUTE PHYSICAL ENJOYMENT, WE MAY EXPECT AT NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION THE KIND OF ENTERTAINMENT ADUMBRATED BELOW:—



ARRIVAL OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS.



THE ROLEY-POLEY.



THE EMPTY-BUMPTY



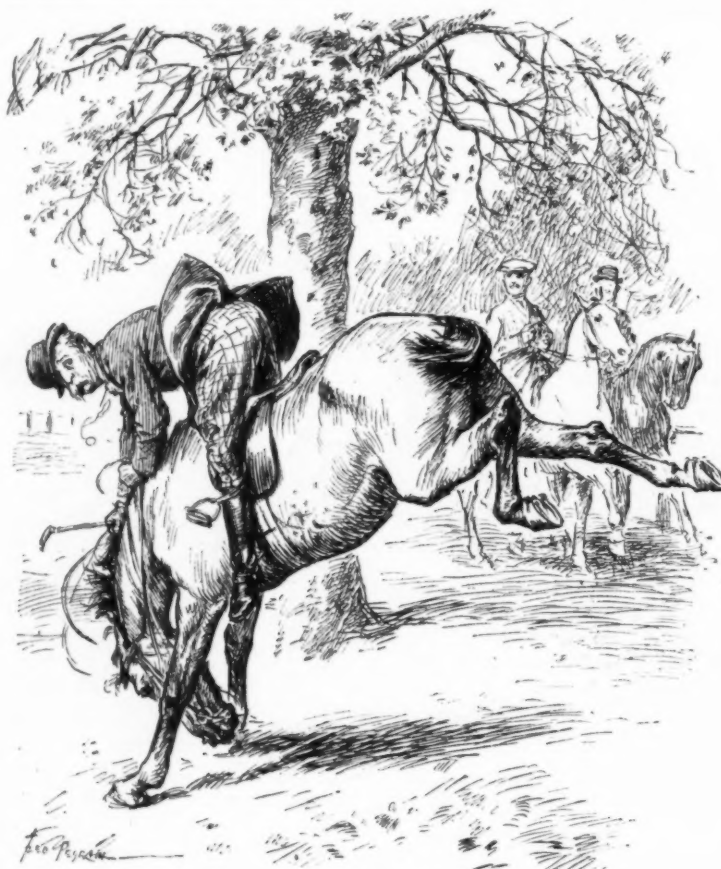
THE TWIRLEY-WHIRELY.



THE SEA-BLIZZARD.



DEPARTURE OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS.



*Mr. Murgatroid (on hired mount, riding in spurs for the first time, soliloquises). "I PRESUME THIS ANIMAL 'ASNT NEVER BEEN RIDDEN BY A GENTLEMAN BEFORE."*

### THE OLD G.P.O.

ST. MARTINS-LE-GRAND stands desolate.

I love the old place, for I've done business there for many years. I remember once being greatly touched when an official behind the counter—whether by accident or not, I cannot say—said "Thank you!" to me. From the day, in my early boyhood, when I asked at the counter for a free supply of stamp-edging (of which I was a keen collector at the time) to only last Thursday, when I cashed a postal order for 3s. 6d., which I had received from one of our great dailies for a little effort from my pen, I have only once failed to obtain there what I asked for, and that was on the former of the two occasions I have mentioned.

In my early years I learnt that one could always rely on obtaining one's postage stamps quite fresh at St. Martins-le-Grand, and the flavour of the gum was superior; and, just as we always get our provisions from the

Stores, we always get our stamps and postal orders from the General Post Office. As my wife has so truly put it, when talking of this rule of ours, "the best is good enough for us."

It is natural to feel more confidence in dealing with headquarters than with branches, and the trust I have placed in the G.P.O. has rarely been betrayed. How prompt and accurate they are there. MSS. posted at the G.P.O., I find, come back with astonishing celerity. True, a letter I posted in '86 to a friend in Brussels was delivered in November, 1908, to a person of similar name in Aberdeen; but I do not complain of that. I made £1 2s. 7d. by paragraphing the incident for the press, so I have no grievance.

I shall not feel so happy in the new building, I know. If my friends do not hear from me very often in future, I hope they will understand. And will editors kindly note that payment by cheque will henceforth give me less heartache than by postal order?

### THE CALL.

How nobly on that pious afternoon  
I started forth, how splendidly  
arrayed!  
In silken hat and patent leather shoon,  
And creases sharp on either pantaloon,  
And robe befringed with braid,

To call on Mrs. Thompson, 92  
Carnarvon Terrace (terraces be  
blowed!);  
I happened on a bus of pleasing hue,  
And travelling on its top admired the  
view  
And reached Carnarvon Road.

There first of all a faint forgetfulness  
(Born of the dying leaves that fringed  
the path)

Took me of Mrs. Thompson's true  
address;  
"What was the actual site?" I mur-  
mured, "Bless!  
I had it in my bath.

"I knew it all the morning; I could  
swear  
I nursed it when I started, unforgot;  
Yonder is 92 Carnarvon Square,  
A fine commodious house: she might  
live there."  
She might, but she did not.

I flushed Carnarvon Avenue, I clomb  
Carnarvon Hill, I ventured to ex-  
plore  
Carnarvon Flats, imperious pleasure  
dome,  
Where Alf, the sacred porter, stood at  
home  
Behind his burnished door.

So hour by hour I trod the mazy round,  
And mild policemen watched com-  
passionate  
As gravel sweep on gravel sweep I  
ground,  
And servants bade me bootlessly re-  
bound  
From gate to clanging gate.

On half a score of bells I smote amain,  
From half a score of mansions  
turned to flee;  
Where'er Carnarvon wove its winding  
bane  
(Except Carnarvon Terrace), racked  
with pain  
I trumpeted for tea.

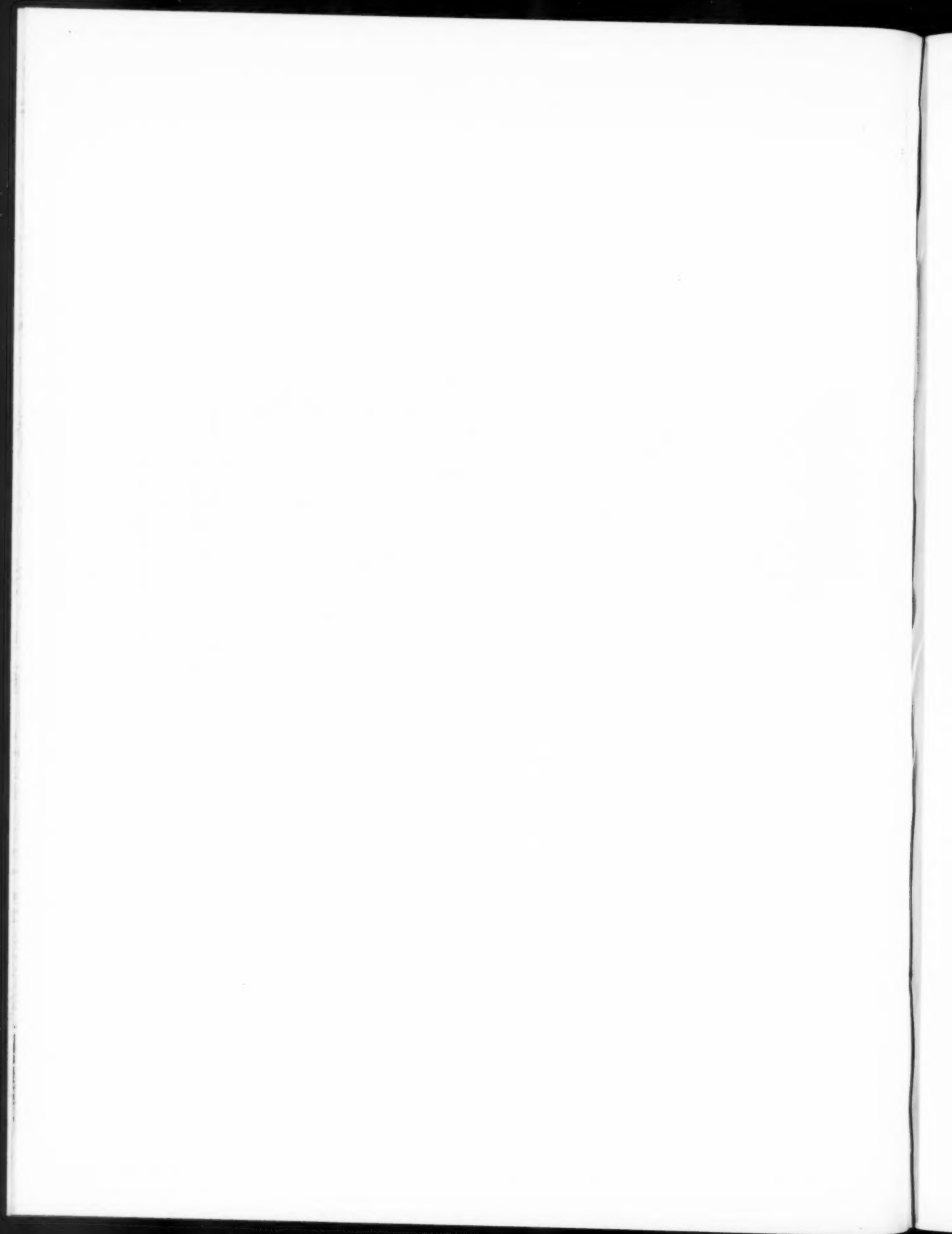
This was a month ago, and time  
does fly;  
Therefore I've penned these verses  
of regret,  
Hoping that, if they chance to catch  
her eye,  
They may explain to Mrs. Thompson  
why  
I have not called there yet.

EVOC.



### THE SITTERS.

LEADING FOWL. "STICK TO IT, ALL! ONLY ONE WEEK MORE!"







SOME MORE HOPEFUL "CONFERENCES." No. II.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

WE FEEL CONFIDENT THAT THE NATURAL ENEMIES DEPICTED ABOVE MIGHT ALSO FIND MUCH COMMON GROUND, AND ARRIVE AT A SETTLEMENT OF MANY OUTSTANDING QUESTIONS. (WHETHER THE "FOLLOWERS" OF ANY OF THE "PARTIES" CONCERNED WOULD BE SATISFIED IS ANOTHER MATTER.)

# OUR PRIZE NOVEL IN TABLOID.

MESSRS. Boomer & Boomer have pleasure in presenting a tabloid version of their £125 Prize Mystery Novel, by Mr. "Guy Cliffe-Warwick," a young author hitherto unknown to fame. It will be observed by the extracts from reviews which they quote that no author of recent years has received a heartier welcome from the Press. When their representative called on Mr. Cliffe-Warwick at his combined room near Battersea Park, to inform him of the result of the competition, the young novelist expressed himself with the engaging terseness that seems to be the peculiar attribute of great men. "This is a bit of all right," he said, "for I was just on my uppers. Please don't cross the cheque." We predict a triumphant career for the latest comer in successful fiction.

## RED PAINT.

A Mystery Novel by Guy Cliffe-Warwick.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The Light in the Studio.

Hermia Hemstitch passed quickly out of Hampstead Town Hall, and without a moment's hesitation directed her steps towards Froggnal Gardens. Her home did not lie there, but to-night she was mad—mad! The blood burned in her veins. She was sick of the subscription dance, sick of the young clerks in made-up ties who asked her if she rinked. She thought nothing of the youth to whom she had promised the fourth extra. Pah! ("The style is brisk and exhilarating."—*Daily Telegraph*.)

Turning into Froggnal Gardens, she stopped. A mischievous gleam came into her eyes. Was not that the studio of Dedrick Dauber, the youthful R.A.?

There was a light in it. Ah! Running swiftly down the gravel path, she knocked at the door. A rattle of bolts and chains, and it was opened by Dedrick himself, a fair-haired giant of twenty-one, if as much. Squarely built, he still found time to play three-quarter-back for the Corinthians—a man indeed! ("Full of grip and go."—*The Gentlewoman*.)

"Oh, if you please," said Hermia, dropping a coy curtsy, "I'm the new model." And without waiting for a reply she brushed past him and entered the studio.

For a moment the athlete-artist stood amazed. Then a happy smile crept up from under his golden moustache.

"This is it!" he said. "The face I have been waiting for for years. Little star," and he gazed up into the blue dome of the heavens, "I thank

thee." ("If there is one person we like more than his heroine, it is his hero."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.)

#### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

Coming back from the subscription ball at 2 p.m., Mrs. Cateye-Smith, with the Misses Cateye-Smith, those plain and elderly virgins, were passing through Froggnal Gardens when Letitia Cateye-Smith grasped her mother's tulle sleeve. "Mother!" she gasped. "My dear—how you frightened me!" "Look!"

All three looked. There, coming along the gravel path of Dedrick Dauber's residence, was a well-known figure—that of Hermia Hemstitch, the girl all the men were mad about. They held their breath. Hermia, on reaching the pavement, picked up her skirts and ran. She had not seen them. The three ladies looked at each other. Oh, what a scandal for Hampstead! Chuckling with glee, they hurried home. ("The frailties of human nature are laid bare on his canvas with an unsparing brush."—*Church Times*.)

#### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

By whose hand?

We must return to the hour of 1.30 A.M. P.C. Bigboots ("His work is punctuated with a delicate and lively wit"—*Daily Chronicle*), passing through Froggnal Gardens on his nightly rounds, suddenly stopped, and, stooping down, shone the light of his bull's-eye lantern upon a form that lay still and mute on the pavement in a pool of blood. It was that of a portly, well-preserved gentleman of fifty. "Murder!" muttered P.C. Bigboots. By the corpse lay a handkerchief. He examined it. It bore the name of "Dauber." "Now," said P.C. Bigboots, "what would Olmes do?" He considered. "Say nothing." He put the handkerchief in his pocket, blew his whistle, and with the help of two other constables conveyed the body to the mortuary. Still saying nothing, P.C. Bigboots retired to rest. After a day or two he began to have misgivings about his silence. London was in a fever about the murder. Who could have done it? At length, slowly, almost reluctantly, P.C. Bigboots produced the incriminating handkerchief—and was promptly dismissed from the Force.

Too late, they went to find Dauber. He had vanished, and a large To LET board leaned drunkenly over his garden railings. But Hermia had been seen, and late that night two heavily-built men called at her residence and enclosed her wrists in bracelets of the kind that harbour no jewels and rarely find their way to Attenborough's. ("Abounds in picturesque touches."—*Standard*.)

#### CHAPTER THE LAST.

The Verdict.

The Old Bailey was crowded to re-

ting part of the evidence: Why did Hermia Hemstitch visit Dedrick Dauber at midnight? We have heard that she was seen to leave his studio at two in the morning. What was she doing there? Gentlemen, I will now dismiss you to consider your verdict."

But at that moment a shout rang through the court. "Hear me. I will be heard!" Stalwart policemen, boxers most of them, fell back like corn before the sickle, and a strange figure burst on the vision of judge, jury and spectators. "Hear me, my lord! I am Dedrick Dauber!" ("A graphic story."—*Wexford Examiner*.)

Dauber! A thrill ran through the court. Dauber!

White as death, unkempt and with bloodshot eyes, the young artist was assisted into the witness-box. "Now," said the judge, "what have you to say, Mr. Dauber?"

"I will tell you." He pulled at his collar. "Tell you." He gazed round the court. His eyes met Hermia's. "Remember my reputation," hers seemed to say. ("You must read this book, dear."—"Madge" in *Truth*.)

"My lord, I had been working late, finishing one of my Academy pictures, when there came a knock at my studio door. I opened it. There stood Miss Hemstitch. ("Thrills you."—*Southport Visitor*.) "Come!" she cried. "Something has happened!" I followed her. On the pavement without lay the body of a man, bleeding and insensible. 'Stanch the blood,' I said to Miss Hemstitch, handing her my handkerchief, 'and wait here,' and I ran up the road to fetch a doctor. Hardly had I turned the corner when I was seized, bound, drugged, and placed in a motor-car by three masked

men. ("We found it impossible to put the book down until we had turned the last page."—*Leeds Mercury*.) When I came to myself I was in a small room, lit only by a barred skylight; and there, my lord, I have been until to-day, when I managed to escape by breaking the bars."

"Who could have been guilty of this gross outrage on an unoffending man?" exclaimed the judge.

"That," said Dauber, with emotion, "may be shown anon. A successful man always has enemies."

"True, true," said the judge; "I have some myself." (Laughter.)

"As for Miss Hemstitch," continued



ABLE AND WILLING.

pletion. ("He has a masterly grip of the English language."—*British Weekly*.) The atmosphere of that ancient fane can generally be cut with a knife, but now it was more so. ("His simple diction delights us."—*The Rock*.) Heavy, sulphurous clouds hung in yellow masses overhead. The air was stifling.

In the dock, pale but composed, sat Hermia Hemstitch. ("I love, oh, I love, how I love the girl!"—JAMES DOUGLAS in *The Star*.) The judge was just concluding his summing-up.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, glancing at the jury, "we come to what seems to be the most incrimina-



### A TRUE FRIEND.

*Hostess.* "I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU AND GLADYS HAVE QUARRELLED."

*Her Dearest Friend.* "YES, DARLING, AND IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU. SHE SAID THAT YOU WERE MEAN AND UNTRUTHFUL; THAT YOU FLIRTED OUTRAGEOUSLY WITH JACK RAKES; BUT, WHEN SHE SAID THAT YOU HAD YOUR CLOTHES MADE BY A SMALL LOCAL DRESSMAKER, WELL! I REALLY COULDN'T STAND THAT!"

Dauber, "she, of course, terrified by my non-return, must have retreated into the studio, leaving my handkerchief behind her. After the body had been found and removed by the constable—I have read an account of the case in this morning's paper—she, I take it, emerged from the studio and hurried home, and it was then that she must have been observed. . . ." ("Worthy to rank with Gaboriau himself."—*Publishers' Circular*.)

"Thank you, Mr. Dauber, that will do," said the judge.

As Dedrick stepped out of the witness-box he glanced at Hermia. Her slow smile assured him that he had done well.

"My lord," said the foreman of the jury, who did not trouble to leave the box, "we find the prisoner NOT GUILTY."

"A very proper verdict," said the judge. ("Has evidently made a close study of our elaborate legal system."—*The Dundee News-Letter*.)

### EPILOGUE.

Three weeks later Dedrick and Hermia were seated at dinner at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover. The lights shone softly; the wine gleamed golden. Dedrick lifted his glass of liqueur to his lips.

"A toast," he said.

She smiled at him ravishingly.

"To the corpse that brought us together."—"Cliffe-Warwick is a nut."—*Lotinga's Weekly*.)

THE END.

From the "etiquette" column of *The Queen* :—

"EMBARRASSED.—It was a foolish thing to have done. You should have quietly transferred it from your mouth to your spoon and placed it upon the edge of your plate without attracting notice. To have left the table would have been very disconcerting to your host and hostess, and have given rise to the impression that you were suddenly taken ill."

What was it—a black-beetle in the soup?

### The Simple Life in Germany.

From the Tariff of a Hamburg hotel :—

"Tea or Coffee with bread and butter, M. 1.50." This must be the waiter's breath down your neck.

### Municipal Candour.

"The Board trusted that in view of the fact that all the sewage has to be pumped at considerable cost, every effort will be made to discover and make good leaky sewers or joints wherever it is possible to do so."

*North Berks Herald*.

"In Norway . . . widowers must not remarry until six months after the deaths of their widows."—*The Colonist* (B.C.).

They have very arbitrary laws in Norway.

"Wanted to purchase, second-hand skeleton (male); good condition; p. ice, particulars, and where seen."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

No first-hand or living skeletons need apply.



## THE REALLY SUCCESSFUL WITS.

## I.

SCENE—A Court of Law.

*Counsel.* My lord, I appear for the plaintiffs, who contend that the defendant firm has infringed their copyright.

*The Judge.* A case of copy-wrong (laughter).

*Counsel.* So I hope to show, if your lordship will permit me. To continue, the plaintiff firm acquired, in 1908, the sole right in the music for a play entitled *The Red Lobster*. This, as you probably are aware, was a great success.

*The Judge.* It always gives me indigestion (laughter).

*Counsel.* Among the musical numbers was a waltz air.

*The Judge.* Ah, you should take this case to the Appeal Court. That's where they reverse (laughter).

*Counsel.* A few weeks after the plaintiffs had issued this, under the title *The Red Lobster Waltz*, the defendants published a waltz, under the title *L'Homard Rouge*—

*The Judge.* Is there an interpreter in court? (laughter)—

*Counsel.* Which, I need hardly inform your lordship, means the same thing.

*The Judge.* Yes, but in French. They took French leave, in fact (laughter).

*Counsel.* And not only was the title the same, but the music also. If your lordship will examine the copies of the two waltzes which I have here, you will see . . .

*The Judge.* Help! (Laughter.) What are these little dots?

*Counsel.* Those are notes, my lord.

*The Judge.* They're not like my notes (laughter). And what are these lines?

*Counsel.* Those are bars, my lord.

*The Judge.* Ah! (laughter) and what is this mark?

*Counsel.* That is a rest, my lord.

*The Judge.* A rest in a bar. (Laughter.) A very pleasant thing too (more laughter). By no means confined to musicians (loud laughter).

[And so on.]

## II.

SCENE—A Class Room.

*The Schoolmaster.* Now then, Peters, in what year did the Wars of the Roses begin?

*Peters.* In 13—

*The Schoolmaster.* Yes, yes.

*Peters.* In 13—

*The Schoolmaster.* It seems to be an unlucky number (laughter). Peters is not Panning out very well (laughter). You, Lucas. Look as quick as you can. (Laughter.)

Lucas. 1448.

*The Schoolmaster.* Better. In whose reign was it, Tate?

*Tate.* Henry the Fifth.

*The Schoolmaster.* I must have a tête-à-tête with you about this. (Laughter.) In whose reign? Think again.

*Tate.* Henry the Sixth.

*The Schoolmaster.* In whose reign? Say Henry the Seventh. (Laughter.)

*Tate.* Henry the Seventh.

*The Schoolmaster.* No. As it happens you were right the time before. You overshot the mark, and I must now give you a bad one. (Polite laughter.)

[And so on.]

## III.

SCENE—A Music Hall.

*Low Comedian.* Men, and other men's wives what they have brought with them—(laughter)—listen to this! Before I married I thought I could eat my wife. (Laughter.) I wish now I had. (Roars of laughter.) When I got home at three a.m. this morning my old woman met me at the door. "How dare you walk home at this time," she said. "I daren't," I said, "I was carried." (Laughter.) Girls—(screams)—girls, I say, listen to this. I met a man yesterday who said, "I see your wife's back from Brighton." I said, "Yes, she will wear such low necks." (Renewed screams.)

[And so on.]

## A FISH OUT OF WATER.

[N.B.—This may be taken either as a joke or, if that fails, as an allegory, to be applied to any English system of education, according to the taste of the reader.]

I CAUGHT a herring long ago,  
And kept him in some H<sub>2</sub>O;

I strained his water every day,  
Till all the salt was strained away;

And so I taught the little chap  
To live in water from the tap.

Robbed of his customary brine  
He had to face a fresh design.

Each afternoon I took about  
A thimbleful of water out,

Till—though his needs were always  
small—

He got along with none at all.

Gentle of heart and soft of roe,  
He followed where I chose to go.

One day he took a walk with me  
Upon the pier at Brightlingsea;

Alack! he made a reckless bound,  
Slipped through a grating and was  
drowned.

## Commercial Candour.

"The Years come and go, but our watches do not go."—Advt. of a Bombay Firm.

## "DIZZY."

"GENTLEMEN, if there be anything on which I pique myself it is my consistency."

Thus young DISRAELI opened his address to the electors of Taunton, coming out in Tory colours, having thrice essayed to win his way to the House of Commons as a Radical. The assertion is delightfully Disraelian in its audacity. Any other man in similar circumstances would have evaded the topic. DIZZY seized it by the neck, dragged it into the very front of the fray, and of what his adversaries trumpeted as his chief delinquency made his especial merit.

In the *Life of Disraeli* (JOHN MURRAY), Mr. MONTPENNY rescues from contemporary record a vivid picture of the Candidate. "His face was lividly pale, and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blazed a pair of intensely black eyes. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad high forehead were ringlets of coal-black glossy hair, which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters or bunches over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view. He was very showily attired in a dark bottle-green frock-coat, a waistcoat of a most extravagant pattern, the front almost covered with glittering chains, and in fancy-pattern pantaloons."

Such was the wondrous boy who descended upon London society and political life in the third decade of the nineteenth century, and, unaided by family connection, unendowed with wealth, handicapped by alien birth, won his way to the inner circle of one and the premier place in the ranks of the other. Dealing with this epoch of his hero's life, Mr. MONTPENNY has not much in the way of new or exclusive information to proffer. With the exception of quotations from a diary fitfully kept, he is chiefly dependent upon material long ago given to the public. But by skilful arrangement he presents a picture of DISRAELI in the extravagance of his youth, the budding power of his manhood, that goes far beyond anything hitherto accessible. Better than the diary are the young man's letters to his father and sister, in which, confident of his audience, he prattled about his conquests with endearing frankness.

When, on their publication, I read these, I wondered whether it were possible that with his waistcoats, his chains, his curls and his cane, DIZZY did really make the favourable impression upon acquaintances and onlookers he taught his fond sister to believe. At





POPULAR SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED.—II.

"THOSE WHO DANCE MUST PAY THE PIPER."

Malta, for example, whither he went, after bringing garrison society at Gibraltar to his feet, he writes to his father, "They [certain officers] have been long expecting your worship's offspring and have gained great fame in repeating his third-rate stories at second-hand. We [himself and CLAY, a fellow passenger] are both equally popular." He tells an inane story of how, a racket-ball falling at his feet as he watched the game, he picked it up, and, "observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, humbly requested him to forward its passing into the court as I really had never thrown a ball in my life." "This incident," he adds, "has been the general subject of conversation at all the messes to-day."

What they really said may be guessed from an extract from Sir WILLIAM GREGORY'S autobiography quoted by Mr. MONYPENNY. "He made himself so hateful to the officers' mess that while they welcomed CLAY they ceased to invite that damned bumptious Jew boy."

Sister "Sa" and the fond parent never heard of this particular incident

in the triumphal progress to Constantinople, where the young Sybarite "courted the air in a carved caique by shores which are a perpetual scene, finding no exertion greater than a canter on a barb."

This is the puppet Dizzy, a disguise deliberately assumed in deference to the observation that "affectation tells even better than wit." Beneath the oiled and curled mask this book enables us to see at work the real DISRAELI, conscious of genius, consumed by ambition, ever labouring to achieve an end determined upon whilst still a stripling. "What do you want?" asked a powerful friend interested in his personality, ready to assist him with some small patronage. "I want to be Prime Minister," said the youth. Prostrated by illness, overwhelmed with debt, fearing to go out to dinner lest he might be "nabbed" by sheriff's officers, he kept this goal ever in view, and in time—a long time—won it.

Mr. MONYPENNY'S narrative does not bring DISRAELI into the House of Commons. It leaves him standing on the threshold, just returned for Maidstone.

The prelude to the story presented by this masterly volume succeeds in investing with fresh interest the most fascinating figure in the political life of the nineteenth century.

TONY, M.P.

The Dickens.

"Dante is not a byword, but the name of a great Italian religious poet."—Answer to Correspondent in "The Weekly Dispatch."

So the instruction of the masses goes on.

"He must have felt rather like the unfortunate victim of a similar demonstration of affection in 'The Walrus and the Carpenter':—

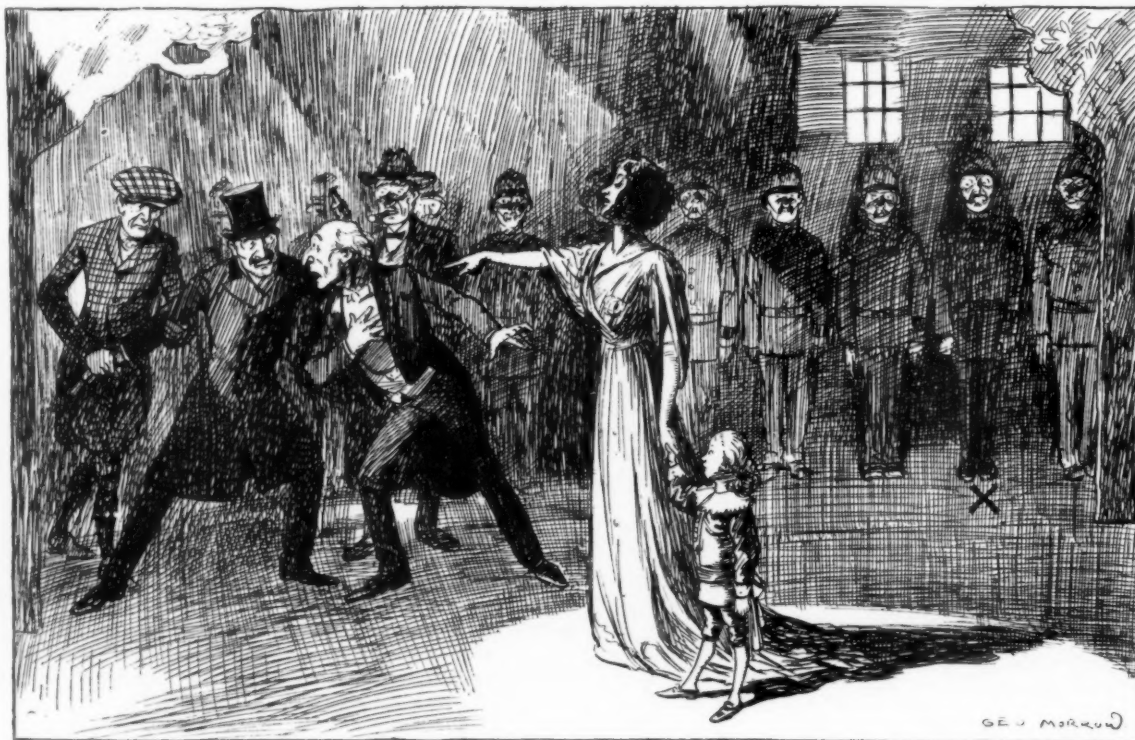
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But—why did you kick me downstairs?"

Carlisle Journal.

Which, if you remember, was what the youngest oyster said.

"Lambert converted the second try with a fine kick. In the meanwhile J. G. M. Gotto had put the finishing touch to some good play on the part of the Cambridge right wing by scoring a try in a good position."—The Times.

They should certainly have waited for LAMBERT to get finished at the other end; he might have saved the try.



## IMPROBABLE SCENES.—VI.

AN ACTOR-MANAGER TAKING AN UNIMPORTANT RÔLE.

[The Actor-Manager is marked with a x]

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Finer Grain* (METHUEN) is a volume for which I have been, these many years, hoping against hope—a volume of new short stories by Mr. HENRY JAMES. If the bare announcement of this fact is not of itself enough to send you flying hot-footed to the booksellers, I will add that the stories (there are five of them) are every one entirely worthy of the JAMES of the best period. Personally, out of the five, I should select, as having given me most pleasure, *The Velvet Glove* and *A Round of Visits* (hark to the very sound of them! Have they not, these titles, the true Jacobean ring?) Of course no one will expect the contents of the book to be “stories” at all, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, though in at least one of them something, disconcertingly, does happen; the adventures they recount are always rather of the mind than the body. The meaning, indeed, of *The Finer Grain* is explained by the author himself, in a phrase that gives the clue to the whole, as implying “a peculiar accessibility to surprise, to curiosity, to mystification, or attraction,” in short, and comprehensively, the precise HENRY JAMES attitude towards life. It is exactly this which gives the book its own delicate and subtle charm; which, moreover, makes detailed criticism of it a blundering and impossible thing. I can only record the rare pleasure that it has given me; and my congratulations to author and public.

When Fiction conceives a little kingdom of its own, it is not infrequently carried away by its conceit. Credit is

therefore due to Mr. J. C. SNAITH for having created a monarchy and yet, in dealing with the royal personages of his imagination, maintained an excellent sense of proportion and the ridiculous. In “Illyria” there were three strong wills, which clashed. There was the king, who was for monarchy in general and the enthronement of his daughter in particular. There was the daughter, who agreed with the abstract principle but opposed the concrete instance. There was the people, who demanded a republic. But there is more here than the alarms and excursions of a smaller European state, so familiar in latter-day novels as almost to be wearisome. The trouble begins when the Princess, morganatically married to the English commoner of her choice, rides *incognita* over English hounds and resents with imperial completeness the chastisement of the M.F.H. Of the domestic upheaval among the followers of that pack and the international complications caused by “Illyrian” developments, you can have no idea unless you read *Mrs. Fitz* (SMITH, ELDER). You will be well advised in resorting to that authority. It is not denied that the book has its faults of detail, but, if it is faults you are after, you must find them for yourself. By the time you have finished your search you will discover only that you have forgotten the object of it.

## Get On or Get Out.

“For the first seven years of Porfirio's life he went to the village school, but he felt he wasn't learning enough, so, with wonderful force of character, he set about earning small sums, which he set aside to enable him to get a better education.”—*Howe's Chat.*

We picture to ourselves PORFIRIO at six, simply spoiling to get on with his Differential Calculus.